

Bishops-gate Lamentation

For the loss of their late RECTOR

Mr. ROBERT CLARK;

Who died on Munday the 19 of *August* 1678, and was buried (together with his dear Consort, who died soon after) on the 22 of the same Month.

O Heaven's! how could I grieve, did I not know
Good and wise Providence rules all below.
Dear Lord, how can I think that he is gone?
Being scarce yet known, he did so lately come.

*He was but
a while a
mong them.
He died of
a Fever.*

But too too true it is: O cruel Death!
Nor Grace, nor Wit, nor Vertue, could keep's breath.
But in afflicting Heats he's flown above:
Nor could the fiercest fire burn up his Love;
That, conquering Death, with him to Heav'n is gone.
There's none that knew him can do less than mourn.
Self-love enforceth us; 'tis our great loss,
Though his great gain. Lord, sanctifie this cross:
Which to describe I would, but have not skill.
Pardon my weakness, and accept my will.

We've lost, we've lost, shall I say Man? nay more,
A Guide, a Pastor, ~~one~~ that mighty store
Of heav'nly Counsels flow'd from, as a Spring
Pure and perspicuous. Never any thing
Utter'd by him was either dull or dark.
Oh blessed Priest and Prophet, heav'nly CLARK!
Were I Enthusiast, I should profess
By Inspiration he did all express.
His Head, his Heart, with's Tongue, such musick made,
That *Saul* was ne'r more pleas'd when *David* play'd,
Than his prepared Hearers, who will say,
Profit with pleasure sprung as clear as day.

Jer. 8. 6. He on the Prophets horse first rushing came;
Proving sins curst Custom would us bane:
That men by Practice bad, to Habits come,
Like to that brute, fear not Gods sword or gun.

Ezek. 37. 3. Then, from that answer to *Can dry bones live?*
Most heav'nly Rules and Cautions did he give.
Gods power and providence we ought trust to,
Since all he does is good, and all can do.

Psal. 101. 3. From *David's* saying with perfect heart he'd walk,
Sweet soul, what holy measures did he chalk!
To which his hearers gave great approbation,
And which, if practis'd, would bring reformation.
The sinful Times we should not need to blame,
If family-reforming were our aim.

Jer. 35. 14. How did he baffle Sin, with all its shifts,
From that example of the *Rechabites*!
The arbitrary Will of their dead sire,
Without a Sanction they so much admire,
That starve with cold, and choke with thirst they will,
Rather than build, or drink, though bowls be full
Of tempting wine. The Priest from God may sue:
The living Lord but thus expects from you.

Jos. 3. 10. If ever Limner to the life did draw
A Feast, such F A S T I'm sure you never saw
As he set forth upon the late occasion.
How did he prefs for, paint forth Reformation!
High, low, old, young, rational, animal,
Acting Repentance, to the beast at Stall.
If *London* like to *Nineveh* would do,
He'd warrant it be safe, and flourish too.

Thus did he teach both how to pray and live;
And practis'd all he said, that it might thrive.
On Week-days, Prayers and Catechise expounded;
Profanels and Hypocrisie confounded.
Not glutting on the Sunday, but did seek
To make us keep a Sabbath all the week.
All which he did with so much zeal and love,
As truly acted by that holy Dove-
-like Spirit of Christ, to whom he now is gone,
And whom, whilst here, his eyes were fixed on,

As his great pattern. Jesus, his dear Lord,
He imitated in thought, deed, and word.
All Christian Graces in him Habits were.
For Moral Vertues, few could him come neer.
His common Conversation was most sweet;
No Morose gravity on's Brow did sit.
A dear Companion, and obliging Friend
All found that tri'd him: for he still did bend
His Actions and Discourses, like the Sun,
For universal good their course to run.
The doubtful counsel'd, eas'd the troubled minde;
Confirm'd the faithful, and to all was kinde.
The Churches adversaries made he friends
That liv'd in's former Cure. For such goods ends
He cast forth several Nets to take such men;
And whilst they thought to cross him, he caught them.
That he to Souls the greater good might do,
He studied how to heal their Bodies too:
And did it very often safe and sure;
Not like our Quacks; No Money, though a Cure.

*He was a
Physician.*

This is the Guide we've lost: this our dear CLARK,
Whilst he directed us, hath hit the Mark,
And followed all that holy heavenly Train
Of Saints, Apostles, Martyrs, not in vain:
Prepar'd in Minde and Will for Martyrdom,
Though not in Fire, did in a Fever burn;
With a resigned patience and submission,
He strove, and pray'd, and for's home did petition:
And so, full fraught with faith, to Heav'n he's gone,
Trusting in J E S U S for salvation.

Farewel, adieu, sweet Rector: alas we!
Bishops-gate sins have us depriv'd of thee.
Had we thy Doctrines put in exercise,
Death could not yet have clos'd up thine eyes.
We now applaud thee, and lament our loss;
'Tis not for sin we grieve, but for our cross.
Thy heav'nly Musicks's loss we now can finde;
But to dance after it we had no minde.
We lov'd our Schism, our Passion, and our Pride;
Our Drink, our Profit, Pleasure, Lust beside.
Christ's Yoke, though easie, we could not endure;
Reason and Vertue, with Religion pure,
Our Will dethron'd: else all those calls and cries
To Prayers, Sacraments, and Catechise,
Had been to more effect. Most say, we know,
T'excuse themselves, Such do not always grow
So good as should be. But 'tis far more sure,
Those that do not thus do, cannot be pure.

Let's pray that God would this our loss repair:
Though we know none, many such void there are.
Guide thou our Guides, we will Con- and Re-form;
And our dear babes shall blest thee, yet unborn.
We'll praise thee for such Teachers, and such store,
As scarce in any Age were seen before,
For Vertue, Learning and true Piety.
Convert their Foes; hear thou their prayers and cry
For us and them, and Jesus for us all,
That such another Judgement may not fall
Upon us; that we grope not in the dark,
For want of such a Lamp as was our CLARK.

Amen.

With Allowance.